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THOMAS HARDY

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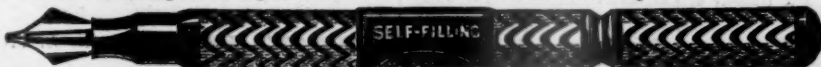
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LIFE AND LETTERS

LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON, one of the Suffragettes who was brought up at Bow Street on Thursday in connection with the latest idiotic and abortive "raid" on the House of Commons, is the author of a pamphlet misleadingly entitled "No Votes for Women." We will quote one instance of her reasoning powers taken at random. She writes:

Sir Edward Clarke, at an anti-Suffrage League meeting the other day, expressed himself as "delighted to see the successful efforts that were being made to disprove the assertions of the 'Suffragettes' that they represent either the majority of women or the best informed and most public spirited among them." He believed "that neither assertion is well founded." Shortly after this speech was made, the Association of Registered Medical Women in Great Britain and Ireland asked Mr. Asquith to receive a deputation of their representatives "in favour of the extension of the suffrage to women." In making this appeal they wrote: "When receiving a deputation of Members of Parliament in last May on the same subject, you invited an expression of opinion from the women of the country. In response to this invitation we have written to all the registered medical women residing in the United Kingdom, asking whether or not they are in favour of woman suffrage. The results of this enquiry are as follows: In favour, 538; against, 15."

Lady Constance Lytton evidently thinks that this is a crushing reply to Sir Edward Clarke's remarks. So that we may take it that her idea of the highest duty of women is that they should become doctors. We have nothing to say against women doctors: we believe they are often skilful and clever, and they are no doubt useful members of the community. But that they have any sort of claim to represent the best-informed and the most public-spirited women we entirely deny. They number, according to Lady Constance's figures, 553. They are, therefore, of course, a microscopic minority. They have taken up the profession of medicine primarily in order to earn money, and we have heard of women doctors making five or six thousand a year. This certainly shows that they are "well informed" in their profession and that they are capable in a business way, but there is not necessarily anything public-spirited in earning a large income, and

a woman may be a very good doctor without being in any way fitted to exercise political power. Moreover, the very fact that a woman takes up the profession of medicine proves that she is an abnormal woman (we use the word in no opprobrious sense), an exceptional woman, and an utterly unrepresentative woman. We believe we are right in saying that women doctors are unmarried and childless in the proportion of about five to one. That is to say, they are women who have deliberately declined the highest prerogatives and functions of womanhood in order to take up a lucrative profession. This is to their credit or not, according to their particular circumstances, and according to the way one looks at the question. We shall not make sweeping assertions, whatever we may privately think. Each case would have to be examined and considered on its own merits. But when Lady Constance Lytton jumps to the conclusion that a clever woman doctor is necessarily better informed and more public-spirited than, say, a washerwoman who marries and has half-a-dozen children she is indulging a woeful and deep-seated error.

When Lady Constance was brought before the magistrates on Thursday morning she is reported to have said that she was more proud of her action than of anything else she had done in her life. Lady Constance is an unmarried lady and is in her fortieth year, and for our part we shall refuse to believe that during the whole course of her no doubt amiable life she has not succeeded in doing something more deserving of self-congratulation than brawling in public and obstructing the police. In any case, it's never too late to mend, and during her month's incarceration in Holloway her ladyship will have ample time and opportunity to think matters over. We presume, of course, that she will go to prison rather than find the necessary sureties to be of good behaviour; so illogical and so excitable a lady would not, we feel sure, be able to bring herself to refuse the glorious crown of martyrdom which is offered to her. Meanwhile, may we suggest to Lady Constance Lytton that even a little activity in the too much neglected sphere of imparting elementary instruction in reading and sewing to the orphan boy and the orphan girl respectively would be an improvement on that form of activity which results in dragging an honoured and honourable name through the police court?

The Westminster Gazette is fond of representing Mr. Augustine Birrell in the figure of a bull, who, when sufficiently goaded, comes out and scatters his tormentors in a terrifying and devastating manner. The other day he was once more so represented by Sir Francis Gould in connection with his "defence" to the indictment brought against him for his hopeless and criminal mismanagement of Irish affairs. The Westminster's notion is rather an unfortunate one for itself and Mr. Birrell, for it irresistibly provokes comparisons between the right honourable gentleman and an animal which bears a superficial resemblance to a bull—namely, the cow. Mr. Birrell's whole attitude towards his accusers is very much that of a bewildered, tormented and yet doggedly obstinate cow. In reply to enquiries as to his failure to protect the lives and properties of law-abiding citizens in Ireland and his blank refusal to do anything to put down cattle-driving, boycotting and brutal intimidation, he raises doleful and long-drawn "moos" about "Liberal principles." He is unable to deny the facts that are arrayed against him because they are borne out by his own statistics, and the only argument he can think of is that, bad as things are to-day, they were worse in 1886. Even this wonderful "argu-

ment" will not hold good for long, for it is abundantly clear that as long as Mr. Birrell remains Chief Secretary for Ireland things will go from bad to worse in that wretched country. It appears now that the best chance for those unfortunate people who have incurred the displeasure of the Land League is to pray that, say, half-a-dozen more policemen may be murdered and that every sort of crime and outrage may rapidly increase, so that Mr. Birrell may at last be driven to help them even at the risk of going back on his "Liberal principles."

The recently reported case of the Socialist Member of Parliament, Mr. Pete Curran, affords a beautiful example of the way in which temperance reformers subordinate their own feelings to their sense of duty to the community at large. Here we have Mr. Curran, who, the other day, got so drunk that he was found by a policeman lying in the street underneath the belly of a docile and discriminating cab-horse, which forbore to trample on him. Anyone looking at this state of affairs in a casual manner might be tempted to jump to the conclusion that Mr. Curran was one of those wicked and unscrupulous people who actually desire to stand between "the people" and their "passionate desire for temperance reform." Not a bit of it. Mr. Curran is an ardent "temperance reformer"; he voted for Mr. Asquith's Licensing Bill at every stage, and he has never allowed his own fondness for the flowing bowl to interfere with his determination to reduce the opportunities of other people to indulge in alcoholic stimulants. We do not desire to be too hard on Mr. Curran or to exult in his misfortunes, but perhaps we shall not be exceeding the limits of fair criticism if we venture to remind him, and a good many other members of the Liberal Party, that Temperance Reform should begin at home.

We read in one of the papers that Mr. Gibson Bowles, who is contesting the election at Glasgow as a Radical, on being asked if he would allow the consideration of the Irish Vote in the constituency to influence his avowed expression of policy, replied: "I never budge." This beautiful and stirring reply, coming from the lips of a gentleman who has just "budded" to the extent of deserting the Conservative Party, to which he has belonged all his life, and going over to the other Party at a time when it has reached such a stage of advanced Radicalism that is almost indistinguishable from pure Socialism, is distinctly refreshing. We are aware, of course, that Mr. Bowles has left his Party on the Free Trade versus Tariff Reform question. He is perfectly right to stick to his principles, and nobody can blame him for refusing to acquiesce in the Tariff Reform policy if he does not agree with it; but between this very proper attitude and barefaced going over to the other side there is a great gulf fixed. Mr. Bowles's action is all the more curious in view of the fact that, although he has always been a severe and often just critic of his own Party, his criticisms have ever been directed to what he considered its abandonment of true Conservative principles. In short, he has claimed to be more Conservative than the Conservatives. And now we have him talking about his "revered and able leader," Mr. Asquith! Can anyone in his senses conceive Lord Robert or Lord Hugh Cecil or Lord James of Hereford or Lord Cromer going over to the Radical Party because they did not approve of Tariff Reform? The idea is unthinkable. And yet nobody seems surprised at Mr. Bowles's action, which perhaps is not a great compliment to Mr. Bowles.

THE wit of Oxford is exceeded only by that of Cambridge. Hence, of course, Mr. Owen Seaman. And

hence, of course, the *Cambridge Review*. We had occasion last week to draw attention to the unmannerly conduct of an editor of the *Granta* (it seems that there have been many editors of the *Granta*), and we are now informed by the *Cambridge Review* that "the ex-editor of the *Granta*, whom THE ACADEMY has attacked, will reply"—in the *Cambridge Review*! Why should he not reply in the *Animals' Friend*? The ex-editor of the *Granta* is no doubt a very clever youth, and we hope to hear him sing as announced, but he will have all his work cut out to justify, to the satisfaction of honourable people, such an unmannerly and unscrupulous line of conduct as that to which we drew attention. The editor of the *Cambridge Review* explains delicately that he does not "intend to go into the merits of the point at issue." Seeing that it is a point, which, so far as Cambridge is concerned, absolutely bristles with demerits, this is smart of him. The fact is that the young gentlemen at Oxford and the young gentlemen at Cambridge are bursting to be smart. In their wild reaches after the finished punctilio of hapenny journalism they are naturally prone to forget the first principles of decency. They imagine, for example, that it is decent to beg and pray of the editor of a London literary paper to "honour" them with a gratuitous article and then to turn and abuse him like a pickpocket out of gratitude for his kindness. They imagine also that it is a good thing to applaud, praise and extol attacks which they have not read, and that it is a better thing to revive an impertinence for which they have already apologised, and then, on pressure from the printer and stationer on whom they depend for their editorial positions, to proceed solemnly to a second apology. However, boys will be boys; and we suppose that in universities where measles, Socialism, paradox and Seamanship would appear to be rife, naughty habits of mind are bound to exhibit themselves. On the whole, we can well understand why it is that the Oxford or Cambridge bred man is losing caste and finds himself when he goes down as stranded as the time-expired soldierman, though for very different reasons. Not so many years ago the average 'Varsity man was a person with whom one might reckon; to-day he is of no more account than the bright youth from the board schools. Smartness is a poor substitute for understanding, even in an age of comic poetry.

We note that Jim Crow, otherwise Herbert Vivian, fails to apologise to Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, K.G., for the scurrilous and under-bred remarks to which Vivian committed himself in a late issue of *John Bull*. Perhaps Mr. Bottomley has been too busy this week to devote that editorial attention to the matter which it would seem to demand. We can only say that if Vivian is not made to hold up his hand and apologise in humble and befitting terms that brilliant literary organ, *John Bull*, will have to take down its boast as to being devoid of rancour and rant. It seems to us that a very good motto for the front of the paper would be:

Evil passions, wicked rages,
But should leave to beasts in cages.

It will be interesting to have the opinion of the *Guardian* on Vivian's outrageous display of venom, for by what can be considered only as a journalistic irony the *Guardian* and *John Bull* are both printed and, in part, owned by the same firm—namely, Messrs. Odhams.

A fearful and pathetic wail has just been put up in *Vanity Fair* under the heading of "Malice Aforethought." The article would appear to have been dictated by *Vanity Fair's* genial editor, so full of whine and expostulation is it. From this gentleman's point of view the world abounds in creatures who "spit

venom in the dark." With great gushes of tears he remarks: "There would seem to be many such. Their slime fouls many beautiful things. The rank odour of their presence poisons the air in many otherwise fair places. Their cold, dank, scaly folds crush out the life of many a delicate, fragrant flower." But, thank Heaven, there is balm in Gilead, for it seems that these venom spitters "invariably miss the target, whilst they are so afraid of the weapons they try to wield, and handle them so awkwardly, that any recoil is bound to knock them down." And with a view no doubt still further to mix his metaphors Mr. Harris or his man adds "So do they pray that thistles may grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley, because of their bile which rejects the wholesome corn." This is pretty good from a paper which is so interested in a book called "The Bomb." The amount of wholesome wheat in "The Bomb" could be collected in a thimble. It is pretty good, too, from a paper which, in its anxiety not to hurt anybody's feeling, goes out of its way on the next page to call his Majesty the German Emperor "Windy Bill," and to explain that now that the Prince of Wales has dined at the Savage Club "the Savages intend to reform and live cleanly." And it seems but yesterday that our contemporary observed that Mr. Watts-Dunton looked like a sick walrus, and described another literary gentleman as a wooden fool, or words to that effect. The persons who have spit venom at this tender pelican should be severely reprimanded at once. It appears to us that the whole article is a veiled attack on *John Bull*. We should have thought that Mr. Harris's ideas of friendship would have prevented these distressing manifestations of "schadenfreude," not to say "groll" and "hak."

The drought in poetry continues. Out of a sort of radical stubbornness Mr. Massingham, it is true, sticks to his poet of the passionate feet and the surge-swept heart. The gentleman's latest effusion is not without merit. On the other hand, it abounds in flaws which a competent judge of poetry would not be disposed to pass, and some of the rhyming, as, for example, "laboured" with "dead" and "powers" and "bowers" with "ours," is a little forced. For reasons past finding out the average nonconformist appears to have made up his mind that "ours" and "hours" are dissyllabic words. Possibly his illusion comes of having heard his father call persistently for "Alf Howers with the Best Authors." In any case it is a nonconformist illusion and a sure mark of the nonconformist poet. On the front page of the *Spectator* last week we read "Poetry: Blake's Spectacles," which looked promising, but Blake's spectacles—William Blake's spectacles, mind you—could move the *Spectator* poet to only five not altogether brilliant lines, beginning "These were his glasses." We can imagine Blake regarding curiously through these same glasses Mr. St. Loe Strachey and his poet. One wonders what he would think of them:

"Give me my bow of burnished gold,
Give me my arrows of desire,"

is slightly different from "these were his glasses." The *Saturday Review* has delighted us with the following illiterate stanzas:

When she-goats begged from Jove a beard,
The he-goats sad began to rage,
Because their dignity they feared
Would rivalled be by females sage.

And this the moral of my tale,
For ever bear with those who try
To ape your manly mien, but fail
In worth to reach your standard high.

The *Saturday Review's* "standard high" will "observed be" by everybody. For the rest, the *Athenæum* and the *Outlook* are discreetly dumb.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN"

MARK how their shining effigies are set
For ever on the firmament of Time,
Like lovely words caught in a lovely rhyme,
Or silver stars lapt in a faery net.
Ivory and marble keep them for us yet,
And all our blossomy memories of them chime
With all the daedal graces of the prime—
Helen, and Ruth, Elaine, and Juliet.

And You, in this disconsolate London square,
Flaunting an ill-considered purple hat
And mud-stained, rumpled, bargain-counter coat,
You of the broken tooth and buttered hair,
And idiot eye and cheeks that bulge with fat,
Sprawl on the flagstone chalking for a vote!

T. W. H. C.

THE SPHERE AND THE BUBBLE

THE *Sphere* is an illustrated newspaper, and it calls itself "an illustrated newspaper for the home." We shall not say that it is an uninteresting newspaper or that its steady advertising of Beecham's Pills, Allcock's Plasters, Scrubb's Ammonia, and Jewsbury and Brown's Tooth Paste is not profitable. In other words, besides being for the home, the *Sphere* is a very commercial paper indeed. There is no harm in commercialism properly considered. There is no sin or shame in plastering your columns with the advertisements of the family-medicine vendor, and there is no sin or shame in being associated with such a paper in a journalistic or other capacity, provided that the journalist or other person so associated contrives to remember always what manner of being he really is. The editor of the *Sphere*, as all men between Fleet Street and the Café Royal are aware, is one, Clement Shorter, a bosom friend of that great and good man, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and a respected resident of St. John's Wood. Now, Mr. Shorter in his place is what might be termed a dear creature, and in his place we have not the smallest objection to or contempt for him. We have seen him described in print as "a great illustrated journalist," whatever that may mean, and there can be no doubt in the world that he turns out the *Sphere* in a thoroughly competent and satisfactory style—in a style, that is to say, which pleases both the sixpenny public and the sixpenny advertiser, thus killing as it were two birds with one stone. We should even go the length of saying that in his profession of "illustrated journalist" Mr. Shorter takes quite as high rank as the editors of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic*, and the *Daily Mirror*, which, from Mr. Shorter's point of view, will be praise indeed. We like the *Sphere* to look at, we are acquainted with people who buy it "for the children," and we understand that it is much valued by invalids on account of the valuable hints they are able to get from its advertisements. We believe, further, that to have brought into being such a "property" as the *Sphere* now is may be safely reckoned something of a journalistic achievement, and for that achievement Mr. Shorter undoubtedly deserves—and gets—a proper share of credit. He is "Mr. Clement Shorter of the *Sphere*," and "as such" he is within his rights to hold up his head

with any successful journalist in London. So far so good. A wise man would be content with the honour and glory which are the natural perquisites of the journalist who has compassed what Mr. Shorter has compassed, and a wise man, as we know, is at any time worth a Jew's eye. But Mr. Shorter apparently cannot be content. He has triumphed signally in illustrated journalism; he enjoys the support and confidence of the domestic and travelling public and the distinguished patronage of the pill and salve makers; yet the soul of him sighs for other worlds to conquer. To cut a long story short, Mr. Shorter simply declines to be a mere journalist. And for a great many more years than we care to think about he has been striving with such might and main as in him lies to be taken and accepted and received and pasted up, not for a journalist, but for a man of letters. We will say nothing of his abiding works in literature, for these need no bush and are duly enumerated in the British Museum catalogue. Neither do we propose at the moment to discuss Mr. Shorter as "The Biographer of the Brontës" or as the contributor of a marvellous introduction to a recently-published selection from the poetical works of the late Lionel Johnson. It is with the Mr. Clement Shorter, who churns out for us "his delightful Literary Letter" in the *Sphere*, that we propose at the present juncture to deal. Of the general intention and merits of the "Literary Letter" in question much might be written which would be calculated to arouse mingled feelings in the Shorterian bosom. We will say of it, broadly, that it is intended to be gossipy and "topical," and that it is also intended to invest the *Sphere* with a sort of literary atmosphere, and to convince the world at large that Mr. Shorter is a man of letters who by force of circumstances has been compelled to condescend to journalism, rather than a journalist who has taken to literature as a "obby," and in lieu of golf or billiards or canary-breeding or postage-stamp collecting, as is the manner of eminent journalists. Inasmuch as the world, and particularly the literary world, is a patient and long-suffering and complacent affair, and inasmuch as Mr. Shorter is, as a rule, possessed of a mouthful of the honey of Hybla or Hymettus when he speaks to us of authors or publishers he has been allowed for years to spread his sweet leaves to the air and dedicate his beauty to the sun unadmonished, unproved, uncriticised and unchecked. And naturally he has proceeded in consequence, and probably without knowing it, from impertinence to impertinence. His offences have been numerous, and a catalogue of them would take up a great deal of space. Consequently, we shall glance only at what we consider to be one of his crowning efforts. From a recent "Literary Letter," signed "C. K. S.," we take the following:

I believe it is a theory of many eminent men of letters that our age cannot produce good poetry—that this is a scientific period, and that commercialism and science have killed the poet. I am waiting for the critic to arise who will smash this theory to atoms, who will show that there never was a more poetic age than ours, who will make it clear that Tennyson's theology transmitted in verse, and Mr. Browning's philosophy given to us more or less in the same medium, were by no means the high poetry that the last generation thought them. Someone will also have to prick the bubble of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," and challenge the ready acceptance of an earlier generation and of the middle-aged people of to-day of the mechanical verse that appears in that anthology. It is quite remote from great poetry.

That Mr. Shorter should be "looking for a critic" what time himself and Dr. Nicoll and Mr. Thomas Secombe and Mr. Mackenzie Bell and Mr. Alan Northman still breathe the breath of life is a little astonishing; on the other hand, it is not astonishing at

all that Mr. Shorter should indulge the *New Age* and street-corner view of "In Memoriam" and apparently all Browning; though here again we have plain proof that he knows next to nothing about poetry, barring what he has been taught by the worst masters. No, the really startling, breath-taking, brilliant, arresting and impudent part of the paragraph is the reference to Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." We must take leave in the interests, not only of poetry, but of criticism and even of journalism, forthwith to nail Mr. Shorter to his own counter in the matter of this so-called bubble. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" contains roughly a matter of three hundred and fifty poetical pieces, bearing beneath them such names as Shakespeare, Marlowe, Donne, Sidney, Wyatt, Barnefield, Spenser, Campion, Drummond, Milton, Marvell, Dryden, Beaumont, Shirley, Vaughan, Crashaw, Herrick, Lovelace, Jonson, Waller, Suckling, Wither, Fletcher, Cowley, Gray, Collins, Burns, Cowper, Carey, Rogers, Thomson, Blake, Prior, Shelly, Scott, Wordsworth, Moore, Keats, Byron, Southey, Hood, Lamb, and Coleridge. We will do Mr. Shorter the credit to suppose that his remark about mechanical verse does not refer to the whole of the poetry in the "Golden Treasury." At the same time, it is evident that he refers to a very great deal of it; otherwise he would not talk about pricking bubbles. Consequently, we will beg of him to be good enough to give us the titles of the pieces in the "Golden Treasury" which appear to him to justify his remarks. We should be disposed to wager that he will make a singular exhibition of himself if he attempts to oblige us. Mr. Shorter may be sure that there is absolutely nothing about Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" which requires to be pricked. It is Mr. Shorter who ought to be pricked and not Palgrave at all. Our advice to him is that he should apply for a course of literary training to that other brilliant judge of poetry, Mr. T. P. O'Connor (*vide* the advertisement in the *British Weekly*), and that after devoting himself for some weeks to this course and paying particular attention to the hints of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's "eminent expert," he should read through the "Golden Treasury" with an humble and a contrite heart. There are doubtless a few pieces in the "Golden Treasury" which may not be quite to Mr. Shorter's taste. The "critic" who despises "In Memoriam" and suggests by implication that it is "quite remote from great poetry" will naturally find, say, Sidney's sonnet on "Sleep" or Collins's ode on the Passions a trifle mechanical. Fortunately, however, there are still people in the world who would prefer either of these trifling pieces to all the wonderful poetry in "Peter Pan," which, if we are to believe Mr. Shorter, has been proved to be "true poetry" by its "success." Mr. Shorter concludes his observations as to Browning, Tennyson and the "Golden Treasury" with the announcement that "we have the triumph of poetry in the success [again the success] of Mr. Graham Robertson's 'Pinkie and the Fairies.'" In this pregnant sentence, coupled with the reference to "Peter Pan," we have the key to the entire Shorterian situation. When Mr. Shorter wrote his paragraph he was not really thinking about poetry, or Tennyson, or Browning, or the "Golden Treasury." His thoughts were with Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Graham Robertson, and particularly with Mr. William Heineman, who is the publisher of "Pinkie and the Fairies." Mr. Shorter wished to express for the thousandth time his admiration for the success of Mr. Barrie, and he wished to bestow a patronising nod upon the success of "Pinkie and the Fairies" and upon the famous publishing house of Heineman. To accomplish this much in plain, unvarnished terms would, of course, have been somewhat unliterary and flat-footed from Mr. Shorter's point of view, and consequently he proceeded to belaud the Barrie and

Graham Robertson successes by dragging down "In Memoriam" and "Mr. Browning's Philosophy" and sneering at the "Golden Treasury." If Tennyson and "Mr. Browning" and Francis Turner Palgrave could re-visit the glimpses of the moon to-morrow Mr. Shorter would be the first to rush round to shove his card into their hands and to congratulate them upon their "success." He would "confess" that whatever carping critics might have to say about "In Memoriam" or "Mr. Browning's Philosophy" or Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" he, for his part, believed that all three of them must stand for "true poetry" because of their "success." He would congratulate their publishers; he would publish photographs of their wives' pet kittens; he would make pilgrimages to their houses; he would speak of them as his friends. And his paragraphs in their praise—at the expense of an earlier generation and "the middle-aged people of to-day"—would be innumerable and full of treacle. On the whole, critics of the Shorter stamp can be more than spared. For, although they pretend to be the friends of Literature, they are subconsciously its bitterest and most dangerous enemies. They look upon letters, not as a concern of the spirit or even of the intellect, but as a species of elegant business with which it is creditable to associate oneself for the purposes of professional or social advancement.

THOMAS HARDY

It is interesting to note the unthinking docility with which people will echo and re-echo a catchword or a cant phrase, concerning any author, which has sufficient substratum of truth to render it current and plausible. The bleat of the "Cotswold lions" has sounded its aggravating chorus now for many years to the effect that Mr. Thomas Hardy is a cynic and a misanthrope and a pessimist; we expect almost any day to hear him referred to as "the well-known pessimist" by innocent frequenters of public libraries—the fact being that a fair proportion of those who moisten and apply the ready-made label would be hard put to it to explain the difference between a pessimist and a taxidermist. For an author to be a pessimist it is not enough that he should deal with the darker side of life: he must show that his own personal feeling is inclined in that direction, and there is a detachment about Mr. Hardy's work which does not warrant such a conclusion; it renders him almost an ideal *raconteur*—a teller of tales, who leaves the reader to form his own opinions. In Mr. William Archer's "Real Conversations" we find Mr. Hardy expresses himself clearly on the point; "I believe," he says, "that a good deal of the robustious, swaggering optimism of recent literature is at bottom cowardly and insincere."

My pessimism, if pessimism it be, does not involve the assumption that the world is going to the dogs, and that Ahriman is winning all along the line. On the contrary, my practical philosophy is distinctly meliorist. It is too often forgotten that he has given us some idylls, such as "Under the Greenwood Tree," wherein scarcely any sorrow enters, and that the happy ending is by no means unknown in his books.

We are free to admit, on the other hand, that in the depiction of the sombre configurations of life, its predicaments, its tangled threads, its spoiled patterns, lies Mr. Hardy's strength; and often if it were not for the humour and the play of fancy which intersperse his gloomier scenes the heartbreak of it all would be well-nigh intolerable. The pressure of events that are merely related can accumulate relentlessly when the manner of their relation is so austere and incisive; who can forget the gradual overwhelming of hapless

"Tess" by the flood of circumstance? Then Mr. Hardy has another power which he shares with few—the faculty of calling into his service things insensate, outside the sphere of humanity, and investing them with a strange and prodigious significance; trees and clouds, rain and sunshine, night and morning, are deflected from their normal course and informed with a mood, a meaning, that urges his characters on or works in subtle connection with them at critical points in their careers. The surprising part of this potent descriptive gift is that it is employed so deliberately and with such patient precision of detail that inspiration seems lacking; more often than not it is by sheer aggregation that the emotions of Nature are sounded, and grafted into the acts of these Wessex men and women. The method is the antithesis of Ruskin's efflorescent language; it has none of the tenderness of Richard Jefferies' earthward pen; yet how it sets the stage for the actors! No one who has once read "The Return of the Native" can fail to remember how wonderfully the whole narrative is haunted by the melancholy expanse of Egdon Heath. On the very first page we feel a presentiment that it will be a dominant factor; in the twilight "the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was as a tent which had the whole heath for its floor":

Looking upwards, a furze-cutter would have been inclined to continue work; looking down, he would have decided to finish his faggot and go home. The face of the heath by its mere complexion added half an hour to evening; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread. . . . The sombre stretch of rounds and hollows seemed to rise and meet the evening gloom in pure sympathy, the heath exhaling darkness as rapidly as the heavens precipitated it. And so the obscurity in the air and the obscurity in the land closed together in a black fraternisation, towards which each advanced halfway. The place became full of a watchful intentness now; for when other things sank brooding to sleep, the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had waited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through the crises of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow.

The first glimpse of the heroine comes as she stands tensely watching for her lover and listening to the wind:

Throughout the blowing of these plaintive November winds that note bore a great resemblance to the ruins of human song which remain to the throat of fourscore and ten. It was a worn whisper, dry and papery, and it brushed so distinctly across the ear that, by the accustomed, the material minutiae in which it originated could be realised as by touch. It was the united products of infinitesimal vegetable causes, and these were neither stems, leaves, fruit, blades, prickles, lichen, nor moss. They were the mummied heath-bells of the past summer, originally tender and purple, now washed colourless by Michaelmas rains, and dried to dead skins by October suns. . . . One inwardly saw the infinity of these combined multitudes, and perceived that each of the tiny trumpets was seized on, entered, scoured, and emerged from by the wind as thoroughly as if it were as vast as a crater.

The chapter in "Far From the Madding Crowd" entitled "The Gargoyle: Its Doings," contains a marvellous bit of this uncannily accurate description:

It was too human to be called a dragon, too impish to be like a man, too animal to be like a fiend, and not enough like a bird to be called a griffin. This horrible stone entity was fashioned as if covered with a wrinkled hide; it had short, erect ears, eyes starting from their sockets, and its fingers and hands were seizing the corners of its mouth, which they thus seemed to pull open to give free passage to the water it vomited. . . . Presently the gargoyle spat. In due time a small stream began to trickle through the seventy feet of

aerial space between its mouth and the ground, which the water-drops smote like duck-shot in their accelerated velocity. When the rain fell in a steady and ceaseless torrent the stream dashed downward in volumes. . . . The base of the liquid parabola has come forward from the wall, has advanced over the plinth mouldings, over a heap of stones, over the marble border, into the midst of Fanny Robin's grave. . . . The rich tawny mould was stirred into motion, and boiled like chocolate. The water accumulated and washed deeper down, and the roar of the pool thus formed spread into the night as the head and chief among other noises of the kind created by the deluging rain. The flowers so carefully planted by Fanny's repentant lover began to move and writhe in their bed. The winter-violets turned slowly upside-down, and became a mere mat of mud. Soon the snowdrop and other bulbs danced in the boiling mass like ingredients in a cauldron. Plants of the tufted species were loosened, rose to the surface, and floated off.

With the contrast between this gruesome picture and Tess Durbeyfield's first view of the Valley of the Great Dairies we must finish our glance at this phase of Mr. Hardy's art:

It was intrinsically different from the Vale of Little Dairies, which, save during her disastrous sojourn at Trantridge, she had exclusively known till now. The world was drawn to a larger pattern here. The enclosures numbered fifty acres instead of ten, the farmsteads were more extended, the groups of cattle formed tribes here about; there only families.

The bird's-eye perspective before her was not so luxuriantly beautiful, perhaps, as that other one which she knew so well; yet it was more cheering. It lacked the intensely blue atmosphere of the rival vale, and its heavy soils and scents; the new air was clear, bracing, ethereal. The river itself, which nourished the grass and cows of these renowned dairies, flowed not like the streams in Blackmoor. Those were slow, silent, often turbid; flowing over beds of mud into which the incautious wader might sink and vanish unawares. The From waters were clear as the pure River of Life shown to the Evangelist, rapid as the shadow of a cloud, with pebbly shallows that prattled to the sky all day long.

In the majority of novels scenery matters little; its description is often too obviously introduced as a form of padding out weak situations, and it affects neither the action nor the characters. In those under consideration it is inseparable from either, and cannot be in the smallest degree "skipped"; it sets the keynote of the story, round which the dreams and desires, the passions and pains of human beings harmonise and modulate in varying complementary chords—often fluctuating into discords, the resolution of which is inaudible, lost in the outer silence and shadows.

From this generalisation one or two books must be omitted—"The Trumpet-Major," for instance, where the scenery is more the casual accompaniment, beautifully suggested, but not an integral part of the story. In one sense this book is the least satisfactory of the Wessex novels, for it is impossible to avoid a feeling that sweet Anne Garland, fairest of millers' daughters, deserves a better fate than to be mated with Bob Loveday, who treats her so shabbily, and, like the legendary sailor, falls a ready victim to any woman's wiles as soon as ever he steps ashore from his voyages. John, the steadfast soldier, we conclude irresistibly, would have made her happier; and as the suspense is kept up to the very last, the disappointment comes upon the reader suddenly and rather keenly. Bob, we maintain, in direct opposition to one or two treatises on Mr. Hardy's work that have amazed us by their ineptitude, is not one of the most successful characters. Considered as a story, this book seems to need the cohesion and dramatic power which are so prominently displayed in many of the others; but this drawback is counterbalanced by its intense interest and skill as a vivid picture of the days when "there were two arch-enemies of mankind—Satan, as usual, and Buonaparte, who had sprung up and eclipsed his elder rival altogether." Few of Mr. Hardy's romances, he himself acknowledges, are so founded on fact—on actual occurrences—as this one; but in all the novels we have

that sublimation of the general into the typical, that expression of the type in the conversation and actions of a few, which is only possible in the careful and tireless hands of a literary master. Take, for an example of this peculiar adroitness, the inimitable rustics of Wessex. The dull man is not always a fool, neither is he necessarily a failure; were we, however, to meet some of these natives in the flesh we should probably find them extremely uninteresting and tedious at first. But fraternise with them—in the porch of the village hostelry, at merry-makings, after church, when and where you will—and often a kind of subtle, shrewd foolishness comes to the surface which could be reproduced by no 'prentice hand. Again and again Mr. Hardy seizes it unerringly with signal effect. Listen to the residents of Egdon chaffing each other round the bonfire; they have agreed that "Get out of my sight, you slack-twisted, slim-looking fool!" is rather a hard way of saying "No" to a man's proposal of marriage:

" . . . But even that might be overcome by time and patience, so as to let a few grey hairs show themselves in the hussy's head. How old be you, Christian?"

"Thirty-one last tatie-digging, Mister Fairway."

"Not a boy—not a boy. Still, there's hope yet."

"That's my age by baptism, because that's put down in the great book of the judgment-day that they keep down in the church vestry; but my mother told me I was born some time afore I was christened."

"Ah!"

"But she couldn't tell when, to save her life, except that there was no moon."

"No moon; that's bad. Hey, neighbours, that's bad for him?"

"Yes, 'tis bad," said Grandfer Cattle, shaking his head.

"Mother know'd 'twas no moon, for she asked another woman that had an almanac, as she did whenever a boy was born to her, because of the saying, 'No moon, no man,' which made her afraid every man-child she had. Do ye really think it serious, Mister Fairway, that there was no moon?"

"Yes; 'No moon, no man.' 'Tis one of the truest sayings ever spit out. The boy never comes to anything that's born at new moon. A bad job for thee, Christian, that you should have showed your nose then of all days in the month."

"I suppose the moon was terrible full when you were born?" said Christian, with a look of hopeless admiration at Fairway.

"Well, 'a was not new," Mr. Fairway replied, with a disinterested gaze.

Then there is the chatter of the old maltster in "Far From the Madding Crowd"—perhaps the country people in this delightful book are the best of all:

"Father's so old that 'a can't mind his age, can ye, father? And he's growed terrible crooked, too, lately," Jacob continued, surveying his father's figure, which was rather more bowed than his own. "Really, one may say that father there is three-double."

"Crooked folk will last a long while," said the maltster, grimly, and not in the best humour.

"Shepherd would like to hear the pedigree of yer life, father—wouldn't ye, shepherd?"

"Ay, that I should," said Gabriel, with the heartiness of a man who had longed to hear it for several months. "What may your age be, malter?" The maltster cleared his throat in an exaggerated form for emphasis, and elongating his gaze to the remotest point of the ashpit said, in the slow speech justifiable when the importance of a subject is so generally felt that any mannerism must be tolerated in getting at it, "Well, I don't mind the year I were born in, but perhaps I can reckon up the places I've lived at, and so get it that way. . . ."

He "reckons them up" lengthily, and then puts the triumphant question, "How much is that?"

"Hundred and seventeen," chuckled another old gentleman, given to mental arithmetic and little conversation, who had hitherto sat unobserved in a corner.

"Well, then, that's my age," said the maltster, emphatically.

"Oh, no, father!" said Jacob. "Your turnip-hoeing were in the summer, and your malting in the winter of the same years, and ye don't ought to count both halves, father."

"Chok' it all! I lived through the summers, didn't I? That's my question. I suppose ye'll say next I be no age at all to speak of?"

"Sure we shan't," said Gabriel, soothingly.

"Ye be a very old aged person, malter," attested Jan Coggan, also soothingly. "We all know that, and we must have a wonderful talented constitution to be able to live so long, mustn't he, neighbours?"

"True, true; ye must, malter, wonderful," said the meeting, unanimously.

Solomon Longways and his cronies, who enliven the pages of "The Mayor of Casterbridge"; the dairymaids in "Tess," all in love with Angel Clare; the picturesque gatherings in "Under the Greenwood Tree," these, and other equally lively passages, we must pass by with a mere allusion; they are all little well-defined portraits of the bucolic mind, and many of them might hold good at the present day in the more sequestered districts of Devon and Cornwall. Dorset, we fear, is by this time too near the centre of civilisation to retain many characters of such pristine innocence and rugged eccentricity.

In the accounts of the Maypole festivities, the "skimmity-ride," the November bonfires, and other ancient customs and ceremonies which are now either extinct or surviving only in remote quarters, Mr. Hardy has done good service as a historian. The scenes are made to live again before us, and the chatter of the villagers, their quaint, broad comments on local affairs, their enthusiasm and inoffensive egotism, are never-failing sources of amusement. Those who have been fortunate enough to witness the annual Whit-Monday practice of "Cheese-rolling" at Cooper's Hill, near Gloucester, where between a steep double line of hilarious humanity the round cheeses fly down the grassy slope and split into a hundred pieces over the cottage roofs far below; or those who have been in the town of Helston, Cornwall, on "Flora Day," will appreciate Mr. Hardy's preservation of these pictures, and regret the decadence of real folk-song and dance, the disappearance of those antiquated rejoicings which for unnumbered years expended harmlessly the superfluous energy of young and old. Railways, alas, have not been an untainted blessing.

A favourite theme of Mr. Hardy's is that of the woman established by force of circumstance in a slightly lower social position than that which is hers by birth or upbringing; or perhaps we ought rather to say that of the woman of a finer texture of mind and body than those with whom she is brought into contact day by day; the effect being somewhat similar in either case. Bathsheba Everdene, the lady sheep-rearer and farmer; Eustacia Vye, dark and proud and passionate, an exotic among the cottagers of Egdon Heath, ever craving for Paris and a fuller life; Lucetta Templeman and Elizabeth-Jane, whose dresses made the Casterbridge worthies stare; Marcia Bencomb wandering at the "Gibraltar of Wessex" in "The Well-Beloved"; and other instances, will occur to our readers as exemplifying this friction between life and location. In varying ways their fates are worked out: to happiness through much tribulation, as with Bathsheba, or to despair and death, as with poor Eustacia after her mistaken marriage, drowned in the weir-pool at Shadwater; and always the adherence of the true artist to probability is noticeable, even if we rebel—as who can help doing—at the pitiable finish of some of the attempts of these women to find the meaning of their existence—their final breaking on the wheel of vain desires.

The mention of the last-named book leads us to consider another phase of Mr. Hardy's performance—that represented by "Jude the Obscure" and "The

Well-Beloved." Here, we feel that the author is not treading his ground so surely. The grandeur and the supreme ironic force of "Tess" are wanting in the story of Jude; there seems to be a needless insistence upon the sordid aspects of passion; its atmosphere seems vitiated with a slight miasma as from incipient decay; there is, in spite of its cleverness, an insidious lowering of the tone and a clear dismissal of the finest qualities of art which so lift the previous books above the level of the average novelist. As for the other volume, it is a truly remarkable departure—a study of a man who in almost every woman he meets searches for the ultimate "Well-Beloved" who shall satisfy his peculiarly fastidious heart. To outline the story will be sufficient, and we need hardly comment on its extraordinary import. Jocelyn Pierston, a sculptor of budding fame, returns to his home in that "singular peninsula that stretches out like the head of a bird into the English Channel." After his absence abroad he finds himself strangely stirred by little Avice Caro, the daughter of a neighbour:

To tell the truth, his affection for her was rather that of a friend than of a lover, and he felt by no means sure that the migratory, elusive idealisation he called his Love, who, ever since his boyhood, had flitted from human shell to human shell an indefinite number of times, was going to take up her abode in the body of Avice Caro.

By page thirteen he has proposed to her, however; but on the very next page we find "he was full of mis-giving":

He had quite disabused his mind of the assumption that the idol of his fancy was an integral part of the personality in which it had sojourned for a long or short while. To his Well-Beloved he had always been faithful; but she had had many embodiments. . . . Essentially she was perhaps of no tangible substance; a spirit, a dream, a frenzy, a conception, an aroma, an epitomised sex, a light of the eye, a parting of the lips.

Thus he oversets at one blow any idea of that sacred, indivisible union of body and soul which belongs to love and is ratified in marriage. Poor fellow—"in love" with a "subjective phenomenon!" And by page twenty-eight the "subjective phenomenon" has taken unto itself another female shape. Avice fails to keep an appointment; and in his walk Jocelyn overtakes a woman with a Juno-like face, who borrows five pounds from him, shares shelter with him in an old boat, and allows him to accompany her to Budmouth, his arm round her waist:

Somewhere about this time . . . he became conscious of a sensation which, in its incipient and unrecognised form, had lurked within him from some unnoticed moment when he was sitting close to his new friend under the lerret. . . . It meant a possible migration of the Well-Beloved. The thing had not, however, taken place; and he went on thinking how soft and warm the lady was in her fur covering, as he held her so tightly; the only dry spots in the clothing of either being her left side and his right, where they excluded the rain by their mutual pressure.

As they both happened to be bound for London, she out of pique at a quarrel with her father, he on business, they naturally travel up in the same compartment; and in the cab which conveys them from the station he is so convinced that the Well-Beloved has migrated that he bursts out, "My queenly darling! Instead of going to your aunt's, will you come and marry me?" She consents, in order to become independent, and they live for a few days at an hotel; but a tiff and a little sarcasm put an end to that incarnation of the "phenomenon." In the subsequent years the man follows the uncertain gleam, under various guises, until it concentrates in a fine searchlight upon a lady

he meets at an evening party. Unfortunately he hears news of the death of Avice, "the only woman he had never loved," and the fickle illumination fades—for the Well-Beloved has flown to the astral sphere, and Avice haunts him from the skies! He takes train to the West in time to see her funeral and brood awhile at her grave, but happens to glimpse Avice's daughter (Avice had married) through the windows of a house where she is a servant, and, presto!—there is no need to tell what happened. Immediately he transfers his residence to her neighbourhood, and discovers that though he is forty and she twenty he wishes to marry her. But, to his utter astonishment, she confesses that she also suffers from the same complaint:

"What I see in one young man for a while soon leaves him and goes into another yonder; and I follow, and then what I admire fades out of him and springs up somewhere else; and so I follow on, and never fix to one. I have loved fifteen a'ready!"

This naturally upsets his programme. Later, Avice the second, having fallen in love, *pro tem.*, with someone forbidden, is anxious to get away for a time, and Pierston takes her to London as a servant in his flat. He still asks her to marry him, whereupon she says she is already secretly married to a quarryman at home, but separated through the usual incompatibility; he then escorts her back and brings about a reconciliation. Twenty more years pass by. He is sixty-one, well-preserved, and, the husband of Avice the second having died, he comes to England from Rome prepared to wed her out of friendship. But, alas! her daughter—Avice the first's grand-daughter—passes the window, a modern young miss of about twenty, trim and pretty, and *voilà* Avice the third and a belated edition of the Well-Beloved! The third Avice he woos somewhat diffidently, and, by reason of her mother's wish to see her comfortably settled, she accepts him. But on the eve of the wedding she meets a former lover in distress and runs away with him; and this lover turns out to be the stepson of the Juno before-mentioned, who had eloped with Pierston long ago. "Juno"—Marcia Bencourt—comes to see him about it, nurses him through an illness, and finally these two old people marry, sadly enough, the fervours of youth all past, the valley of the shadow not far away.

Knowing so well what Mr. Hardy can do, we feel that this sort of thin psychological adventure is somewhat beneath his talent, and however sincerely he may have intended the book it seems to strike a wrong note.

In so brief a survey of the Wessex novels as this must necessarily be it is not possible to enlarge upon many aspects of them; it would be interesting to follow out in detail the story of "Tess," Mr. Hardy's undoubted masterpiece, and to see how essentially pure her nature was in the face of condemnatory facts. It would be too broad an assertion to say that Mr. Hardy exalts the man and Mr. Meredith the woman, but it is justifiable to compare the women-characters of the two great writers; with the one they are so full of suffering, so grimly hounded by fate; with the other they are so vivacious, so brilliant, so victorious. With one they are loved for their sensuous charm; with the other men love them for their spiritual and bodily beauty. This is, of course, generalisation, and they move in different spheres; but the comparison is illuminating and not without profit.

We have no space to do more than mention the short stories, and that charming little book, "Two on a Tower," which, as far as we can ascertain, is unfamiliar to most of Mr. Hardy's admirers. But we wish, in conclusion, that before Mr. Hardy forsakes his fair land of Wessex to embark on the construction of epic poetry he would give the world a novel—a cheerful

one—to balance against the sadness of "Tess." The pair would then, with the chosen volumes of the other two masters, rank among the finest and most representative works of English literature in the domain of fiction.

THE CONVERSATIONALIST

It was no exaggeration to say that the river flowed beneath his windows. Pent into a narrow tunnel after its freedom of meadows and poplars, it travelled swiftly under the old mill and emerged in a flouncing fan of white water directly below his room, hasty and eager to greet the daylight again. In the morning, when he awoke, the confused noise mingled in his ears with the songs of many birds, and soon the steady thudding of the moss-grown flats of the giant old wheel as it rumbled round in its dark, streaming chamber would send a faint tremor through the walls; half-awake, he would imagine he was on board some huge paddle-steamer, labouring in a heavy sea. At night, the roar of waters wove a muffled lullaby that projected itself into his dreams, dwindling or growing as sleep laid her hand heavily or lightly upon him.

During the first few days of his stay, as he listened, he had disentangled from the din two voices, one deep and hollow, the other sibilant and whispering, and he knew that they held continual conversations together. Once or twice he caught at their meaning and stretched out his arms, saying quietly, quickly: "Yes, yes!" but even as the thought came to him the thrill was gone, and the noise of the water relapsed to a mere puling chatter of trivialities. In the daytime the diapason of the wheel sometimes overwhelmed the conversation, and then he would wander along the river-bank to watch how the water curved in shining lines round meadow-corners, and note how, wherever there was an eddy, there existed a whisper of sound, so elusive that he had to bend down closely to catch it; a bird's drowsy note near by would overcome it. He knew, by-and-by, every point near the mill where there was a little voice. From under the rushes, where the stream swung along rather quickly, rose a quaint, sleepy trickle like the preoccupied murmur of a girl-child talking to herself among her toys. Farther down, where an endless procession of tiny whirlpools screwed themselves into the grass and vanished, a soft, faltering sound prevailed; a sound to the ear as October gossamer is to the eye. He pictured a woman speaking below her breath with her lips close to other lips that whispered pensive answers; there were silences, pauses of a minute or two, and then, as more little vortices spun to the bank and unravelled against the dusky yellow stems, the voices would begin again, shyly, dreamily. He thought, as he listened, that the woman's eyes would be shut. This led him to wonder whether, some day long ago, a woman had been drowned there, and he fancied a white arm flung carelessly across the brown, earthy edge.

But at noon, the hour when the old wheel rested, he returned to the mill to gaze at the released waters, and to listen. They were more riotous; the words were more easy to the ear, the large, low words.

To-day, somehow, he seemed nearer to their meaning than ever before. The sun crept round until it shone full upon that wonderful snowy labyrinth, striking into it a dazzling sheen as of a million falling diamonds, building, twenty times a minute, faultless little rainbows in the spray, increasing the greys of the bank to greens, the browns to reds, finding in the ancient walls that rose straight from the pool unsuspected spots of purple and gold. Whenever the light touched the water, the listener found that he was on the point of comprehending what was astir between those ceaseless voices. Over there, in the corner, too,

was a curl of spent foam marvellously like a face—a woman's face, white as a snowdrop's petals; and below it streamed out a long, dark patch of weed that waved like blown, heavy hair. . . . He clutched the rails and leaned forward; but a cloud drifted across the sun, and the waters became a noise. He looked up, watching the ruffled silver edge of the cloud, waiting for it to sail by; but behind it came another, and still another, so that the sunshine swept round beyond where he stood, touching a field here and there a mile away, making a green flame of a chestnut-grove on the side of a hill, sending a shaft as clear and straight as a search-light upon a little white, distant farm—leaving him always the centre of a patch of shadow that changed its shape but would not pass. He turned away with a sigh.

Sunset found him again by the mill, for the old wheel was silent then once more. Reluctantly, as though loth to lose their great illuminator, the clouds let the round red globe sink towards the horizon, and the last level spears of radiance shot across the rushing waters, so that the diamonds were changed to gold. The man lingered, his eyes seeking for that curl of white, that face in the foam, that sinuous, moving weed that looked so like a woman's hair unbound; but the pool was darkening, and the commotion bewildered him; he lost the vision of the lustrous morning.

The last rich splendours faded in the west, leaving high, cool primrose-spaces and long, low bars of cloud burning dusky below them. Opposite, where the vapours of evening still held pink reflections of the glory just ended, the earth-line, swinging slowly eastward, disclosed the dreamy, solemn oval of the full moon. From the colour of ruddy firelight, golden-brown, it paled through deep daffodil to the hue of spun silk, till presently, like a silvern shield hung on the wall of heaven, it glinted on the mill-pool and the silent, lonely figure that leaned against the low rail. Down in the tranquil backwater its sallow image elongated itself curiously until it might have been an opal goblet, held in the languid hand of some water-sprite lazily floating and dreaming; at intervals it would be covered with a thin veil of ripples that ravelled and unravelled as the current stirred the pool with invisible fingers. A wild-fowl splashed at the bank, whirring her wings; the opal goblet broke into a thousand quick, flashing fragments, a maze of tangled light and mysterious, whimsical lines, then re-gathered into the misshapen, wavering moon-face, gazing passionlessly, purely up at the faint, fine stars. The breeze that had sprung up at sunset freshened to a warm, fragrant wind.

The man turned to the falling mill-race once more—those diamonds that had changed to gold an hour ago were now like sparkling facets of silver, brilliant, living drops that sprayed up into the air and danced and whirled down to mingle their radiance with the long lines of foam spinning off below. He looked eagerly at them, for the soft enchantment of that perfect light enveloped all. It showed the snowy fan of waters; it showed the clear brown edge where the old walls left the pool; it showed . . . yes, it showed that curl of spent foam so wonderfully like a woman's face—and there, too, waved that blown, loosened hair. He listened. The voices began—he knew they would; they answered one another, he was sure, and his pale face strained forward in the moonlight, minute after minute, intent upon that vague, sibilant conversation. And as he listened a heavy hand of cloud slowly, cruelly clenched over the moon and would not let it go.

Suddenly listless, the man moved away. For the woman's face had blurred to a mere quivering oval of foam, and the voices were meaningless. "To-morrow," he said, whispering, "to-morrow I shall see her . . . and hear her voice."

REVIEWS

KNOWLEDGE AND FAITH

Old Beliefs and Modern Believers. By PERCY ANSLEY ELLIS, Vicar of St. Mary's, Westminster. (Andrew Melrose, 3s. 6d.)

FAITH is old, and immutable; knowledge is progressive, and leads incessantly towards change and correction; hence in the minds of all thinking persons arises the conflict of idea and thought which has shown itself in a hundred different ways since scientists and Egyptologists have given to the world their discoveries, their theories, and their emendations of previously sanctioned truths. To accept the great doctrines of Christianity and all they involve, unquestioningly and absolutely, may be possible to the simple and tranquil souls for whom all varieties of creed are reduced to the formulated platitudes of a Methodist pulpit, or to those whose intellectual balance suffers no derangement from the strepitous impact of a Sankey's "hymn" with its assertive rhythm and a "refrain"; but there are many who cannot take such vitally important matters on trust. Their power of ratiocination will not be quashed by mere statements, nor calmly relegated to oblivion; they desire some distinct proof to dissect, some evidence with which to grapple, some virile proposition to wrestle with, to throw or be overthrown—better than indifference or atrophy. For this most valuable contingent of possible adherents—valuable because its majority consists of keen men of business, men of letters, men of the world in the capable sense—this book has apparently been written, and although we cannot agree with all its conclusions, it appears to us a careful, thoughtful, and earnest attempt to dispel those insidious forms of doubt to which the type of mind we have indicated will always be a prey.

It is no trivial thing to take up the pen in defence or in elucidation of sacred truths; it is a task to be performed with prayer and fasting, and the recognition that whoso deals with human souls deals with mysterious forces, and must do so in full assurance of his authority, lest his presumption result in untold harm and misery. The hand reached out to save the man who stands insecurely on the rock perilous may easily slip and push him to destruction; we are, therefore, glad to find that the author of this little treatise realises his position, reasons calmly, strives to reconcile without undue straining the fundamental truths of religion with the modern tendency to argument and criticism. "Loyalty to Christianity," he observes, "demands no sacrifice of truth, and no refusal of anything that can rank as fact. We cannot harbour the slightest fear that Nature has facts to disclose that can imperil Christianity." We might go a step farther, and say that loyalty to Christianity demands acceptance of natural truths, and that the facts disclosed by Nature, or, rather, by our more complete comprehension of her, will strengthen the faith of those whose outlook is not merely superficial: they were none the less facts before we discovered them. At the same time, the danger is pointed out of allowing the easy doctrine of "God in Nature" to degenerate into a kind of Pantheism, which regards Nature "as the complete expression of God, and makes no distinction between man and God."

Some of the statements are a little too sweeping. "There is nothing in the Bible to suggest that man began at the top and was degraded by sin." We do not find this surprising assertion proved at all satisfactorily—the writer goes on to remark that St. Paul's theory of the relation between Adam and his posterity occurs incidentally in two passages (Rom. v. 12-21;

1 Cor. xv. 22). "If these two passages were lost, nothing else in the New Testament would suggest the popular version of the effects of Adam's sin." But they are not lost; and can we not draw a considerable number of inferences?

However we may differ on two or three points, still we can concur in several chapters of the book; we feel that the author has put his case plainly and judiciously, and that a goodly proportion of those who read will have reason to be grateful to him. His work does not err, as too often similar books do, in overlooking the fact that mystery is an essential part—a corollary—of faith. "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," said the indomitable apostle—one can almost hear his voice ringing, see his eyes shining. "I am persuaded," he cries, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God." Do we really need much book-learning, many expositors, after that magnificent, triumphant avowal?

AMONG THE HILLS

British Mountaineering. By C. E. BENSON. (Routledge, 5s.)

FROM that wonderful age when the child surveys the first flight of stairs and ponders upon what manner of sensation it might be to reach the summit unaided, to the time when, no longer a child, he gazes enviously at the inaccessible snow-peak of some cloud-beleaguered Alp, half hidden, half revealed in tantalising splendour, the instinct to climb is one of the strongest implanted in human nature. We must ascend, even though it be only to the top of some slippery, sea-washed boulder, or up the grassy slope of a smooth Sussex hill. And if there be many among us—we can well believe it so—who would rather sit by the fire and read this book than emulate its author in his hair-raising exploits, there are many others to whom it will prove but an additional incentive to essay the crags and tors that rise within the easy reach of a railway journey, in our own islands. It is not given to all of us to be sure-footed and clear-headed on dizzy heights, but much may be accomplished by practice—even persons with weak hearts need not despair, according to Mr. Benson. The secret is to take ascents steadily, without haste, and with precautions such as a good equipment and a well-packed provision-pocket in the rucksack; items one would imagine to be unnecessarily emphasised, yet which are disregarded or overlooked even by men whose experience should have taught them better.

No attempt is here made to dwell on the poetic or scenic aspect of mountaineering; there is not a sentence of "padding"; the book is severely practical, and no one who intends during the coming summer to make a sojourn in the Lake district (which is, of course, the Mecca of English climbers) should neglect to take it with him. It is full of good advice to beginners, hints and cautions, too, that will not come amiss to more advanced students of the art. Discussing the advisability of careful management of the rope, the writer says:

Twenty feet is not very far to fall, but anyone who walks out of his drawing-room window into his area would find it quite far enough. Sixty feet is no great height, either, but it would serve. Anyone who questions this has only to step off the coping of an ordinary London West End house on to the pavement to be convinced.

The novice is warned that his legs are stronger than his arms. "Of course," says Mr. Benson, "one

would think he knew that, but he never by any chance acts as if he thought so. He pulls himself up with his hands, whereas he should push himself up with his feet." And, again, with regard to keeping cool, we have excellent advice:

There is not much good in losing your temper with a mountain. The mountain does not mind, and you only make a fool of yourself. . . . More than once I have been out with a beginner, who, after conscientiously loafing and zig-zagging up a hundred feet or so of grass slope announces crossly his intention of going straight ahead at "the beastly thing," and having done with it, and away he goes accordingly, digging in his toes and lifting himself with a small group of muscles, to arrive in triumph at the top, three minutes before the other man, who is following with leisurely zig-zags—but a bit done up, whereas the tortoise is as fresh as when he started, and perhaps fresher. The importance of the zig-zag as a saving of labour in ascending can hardly be exaggerated.

Many thrilling incidents are related where a slip or a fault has nearly caused disaster, and generally the humorous side of affairs strikes the author forcibly, so that the book is at times provocative of an unexpected laugh.

We are sorry that Mr. Benson has had no experience of Cornwall. Some delightful cliff and rock "scrambles" are to be had at several parts of the coast of that rugged county, and the colours of the rocks, especially towards the Land's End, are surprisingly beautiful. Many of the secluded and practically unknown little bays on both north and south coasts offer granitic pinnacles and "chimneys" which no climber need be ashamed to try, even if only for the sake of novelty and practice. But, of course, we admit that for such sport as can come under the legitimate title of mountaineering the enthusiast must travel northward-ho.

The photographs are an excellent aid to the text—some of them illustrate positions that look quite dangerous enough to satisfy the epicure in risky feats—and the list of districts where "sport" may be had will be of great value; it includes England, Scotland, and Wales, Ireland not appearing in the volume, save in a passing allusion. The inclusion of a chapter of medical hints—what to do in case of accident—was a happy idea, and goes to show the care and thoughtfulness with which the author set about his task. It has evidently been a labour of love, and it was very well worth doing.

THE CHILD AND THE CATECHIST

Church Teaching for Church Children. By the REV. J. N. NEWLAND-SMITH, M.A. (A. R. Mowbray and Co., Ltd., 3s. 6d. net.)

ONE of the most interesting features in the religious history of the nineteenth century has been the remarkable development of the Sunday School. There can be little doubt that to the work accomplished by these valuable institutions can be traced that zeal for the religious instruction of the young which is now, happily, characteristic of the Church of England as a whole. They have been nurseries of good churchmanship. Many a man to-day will thankfully and proudly admit that he owes whatever of good there is in him to the teaching he received in his Sunday-school days. There is, however, another side to the picture, and one which candour compels us to insist upon. The advent of the Sunday-school teacher was accompanied by the decay, and ultimately by the extinction, of the catechist:

The Curate of every parish shall diligently, upon Sundays and Holy-days, after the second Lesson at Evening Prayer,

openly in the church instruct and examine so many children of his parish sent unto him, as he shall think convenient, in some part of this Catechism.

So runs a now practically neglected rubric in the Book of Common Prayer. The reasons for the gradual disuse of this laudable practice are not difficult to surmise. The growth of population and the somewhat abnormal conditions of city life combine to render its retention a matter of extreme difficulty. In the majority of cases the parish priest—already unduly handicapped by a variety of entirely superfluous duties—has been content to hand over the spiritual instruction of the children of his parish to the voluntary Sunday-school teachers. These, doubtless, have done their best. Unhappily, however, in many cases, that best has not been good enough. They have been men of unflagging industry, of warm sympathy and of an entirely commendable patience. But too often they have lacked the necessary training, and the success of their efforts has been incommensurate with the labour that has been bestowed upon them. In these days when secular education is receiving so much attention it is more than ever necessary that the Sunday-school teacher should not be found walking in old and outworn paths. He must be at least as fully equipped for his task as the mathematical master or the instructor in physical science. Our children are critical. They are as quick to detect a flaw in argument as to note any appearance of insincerity or mere perfunctoriness on the part of their teachers. Such things they resent, and the influence which the teacher might otherwise have established over his pupils is considerably impaired, if not, indeed, hopelessly lost.

The absence of satisfactory manuals of instruction for the teacher is undoubtedly one of the causes of the present unsatisfactory method of Sunday-school teaching. Such books are few and far between. The best of them might possibly be counted upon the fingers of two hands. As Mr. Percy Dearmer remarks, in his excellent introduction to this book:

Our widespread failure to achieve any noticeable results from a century of Sunday School work is no doubt due to the fact that few are sufficiently gifted as to be able to make bricks without straw. We did our best, those of us who had determined to learn the art of teaching, with such books as we had, and we gradually drew up manuscript books of our own; but the lay teachers, upon whom most of the work has fallen, had neither the libraries nor the leisure for so much literary endeavour, and we clergy were but average men doing our average little best, without guidance, without tradition, and without previous training.

Happily it is possible to praise "Church Teaching for Church Children" unreservedly. Mr. Newland-Smith has written a book for which every parish priest, catechist and Sunday-school teacher should be sincerely grateful. Certainly we have never met with a more thorough or comprehensive exposition of the main principles of the Catholic faith, or one more admirably adapted to the requirements of children. Mr. Newland-Smith's method is entirely individual, though it presents some interesting points of contact to that of the Sulpicians. The book is divided into three sections, each of which covers the lessons for a whole year. The Catechism is minutely dissected, and every clause explained with the greatest care and in the simplest terms. In addition to this, the lessons are arranged in small groups, which are followed by some very useful "revisions." By this means the scholar is not allowed to forget the substance of what he has been taught in the foregoing instructions. Mr. Newland-Smith is peculiarly apt in his illustrations, which are gleaned from a variety of fields. One instance will suffice for the purpose of quotation. He is speaking of the hotly-debated subject of auricular confession:

We may take (he writes) a common-sense illustration of this. If you want a jug of water you generally go to the tap and draw it. The water does not come from the tap, though it does come from the tap; it comes from the waterworks.

Forgiveness comes from God, through the priest. He only conveys God's forgiveness, just as the tap only conveys the water. Yet people often say: "I do not want any priest to come between my soul and God." Suppose they said: "I do not want any tap to come between my water and me. I shall stand my jug out into the back garden and wait till it rains. I prefer to get my water straight from heaven." We should think them rather foolish, though they could get a jug of water in that way.

This extract will serve to indicate Mr. Newland-Smith's point of view, which is that of a loyal Catholic and Churchman. Readers may accept our assurance that in this volume there is no paltering with the eternal verities, no timid evasions or half-truths. The author may be warmly congratulated on performing for the children of this country a service no less important than that rendered to the children of France by Mgr. Dupanloup.

GENERAL LEE

General Lee: Man and Soldier. By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. (T. Werner Laurie, price 6s.)

MR. PAGE has taken for his hero one of the most fascinating personalities of modern times, the Bayard of the New World, and one of the most skilled soldiers and magnetic leaders of all times. His name perhaps does not remain in memory like that of some others, partly because his career ended in defeat (but so did Napoleon's) and partly because he did not hold the stage long enough to impress himself on the mind of the world so deeply as other great captains have done. In America his name is immortal, and so it will be among students of the art of war for all time. This volume appears opportunely, for it is well that we should read of Lee just as America has been celebrating the centenary of Abraham Lincoln—the Carnot, the organiser of victory for the North. These two great men were reared in surroundings as different as it is possible to conceive. But nobility was innate in both—in Lincoln, the log-roller of Illinois, as in Lee, the son of an old Virginian house, of an old English stock. Both were animated with true patriotism. Perhaps most of us will acclaim Lincoln's as the higher, and he offered the command of the armies of the Union to Lee. But Robert Lee had some of the defects as he had to such a great degree the merits of his qualities. He held State above country—and who can blame him, considering which was his State? Virginia is associated with all that is noblest and most attractive in all the Americas, and not only in the United States; and, as Mr. Page tells us on page 38, "Lee had from his boyhood been reared in the Southern school of States Rights, as interpreted by the Conservative statesmen of Virginia." That conception of States Rights cannot be given better expression than in the words of Robert Lee's father, a Governor of Virginia, who in the Virginian Convention, while advocating the ratification of the constitution of the United States, said in debate: "Virginia is my country; her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me." We are reminded of the passionate esteem in which the traditions and opinions of a father were held in old Virginia. "Political views were as much inherited as religious convictions." Then, too, we read that at the Military Academy at West Point the text-books in use there taught the absolute right of a State to secede and the primary duty of each man to his native State. In such surroundings of thought was Robert Lee born on the 19th January, 1807, at Stratford, on a plateau

about a mile from the south bank of the Potomac. Mr. Page describes Stratford as "a massive brick mansion . . . which, even in its dilapidation, looks as if it might have been built by Elizabeth and bombarded by Cromwell." The Lees themselves were scions of a family "ancient enough to have fought at Hastings and to have followed Richard of the Lion Heart to the Holy Land." The Lees were the neighbours and kinsmen of George Washington, who was ever the great Southern leader's ideal. Robert Lee graduated in war during the Mexican campaign, where he received in succession the brevets of Major, Lt.-Colonel and Colonel, and at the end of the war was declared by his chief, General Scott, to be "the greatest living soldier in America"; and later the same general declared him "the greatest soldier now living in the world." Then Mr. Page says himself, "On the 19th January, 1807, was born Robert E. Lee, whom we of the South believe to have been not only the greatest soldier of his time and the greatest captain of the English-speaking race, but the loftiest character of his generation; one rarely equalled and possibly never excelled in all the annals of the human race!"

He goes on to quote Lord Wolseley, who has said: "According to my notion of military history there is as much instruction both in strategy and in tactics to be gleaned in General Lee's operations of 1862 as there is to be found in Napoleon's campaign of 1796." He who will pit himself against our great Field-Marshal in military controversy will be a brave man.

Well, then, starting in such superlatives, why has Mr. Page taken up such a defensive position on behalf of his hero? For defensive it is, almost apologetic. He says he is repelling the charge that Lee was not loyal, that he was a rebel and an egotist. He defends his position well. He shows us the heart-searchings of this noble-minded man when the time came for decision between Virginia and the Union; his decision, too, to leave the career of arms and never to draw sword save in defence of his country. He shows, too, his love of freedom, for he manumitted his slaves (his *servants*, he called them) before the war began, and how he ever thought for them. But is this long defence needed? To most of us Robert E. Lee has ever been even the character which these pages once more show him. Another line of defence is against the charge that Lee was only great in defence, that in offensive military operations he failed.

Here Mr. Page is not so strong, for his methods of narrative are very faulty. Military students have never had any doubt of the supreme merit of Lee's 1862 campaign and of his generalship universally. His daring, brilliant strategy, his bold turning movements, his rapid changes of position and front will be the admiration of all time. He never once failed when properly backed up. When he and Stonewall Jackson worked together they were invincible against any reasonable odds. Had Jackson lived and commanded Lee's right at Gettysburg, instead of Longstrut, the result of the day might have been reversed. Lee had there a bulldog soldier, who would not take the risks to attack Meade's flank when ordered. He wasted eight hours of priceless time while pick and shovel were at work to make a vulnerable position unassailable and while reinforcements rolled in to Meade's position.

Mr. Page deprecates his power of describing Lee's military exploits, and then proceeds to do so in much detail. Here is where he fails. Though evidently a close and accurate student of the great campaign, his narrative is very tedious to follow. He gives us no map. Now, even the readers of his own country must surely find some difficulty in tracing the quickly-told movements of either Army. Even the closest student of any campaign asks for the help of a skeleton map to enable him to retrace familiar paths of war. Similarly it is a severe strain to locate the place in either

army of the generals of different units. Brigade is sent from Division, Division from Army Corps (each designated by the name of its general) without any introductory note to show that the lesser was a part of the greater unit. Mr. Page's sentences, too, are at times of quite unusual length, exacting the very close attention of the reader.

Subject to this criticism, the book is quite readable, and Robert E. Lee, general and leader, Christian and gentleman, is made known to us very intimately. In no scene do his qualities shine out more brilliantly than in the last of all, when he surrendered his Army of the South to General Grant, to whose generosity, too, due credit is paid.

"What will history ask of the surrender of an army in the field?" asked an officer of his staff in passionate grief.

"Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand that we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question. The question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take the responsibility."

NOVELLA TEBE

The Story of Pisa. By JANET ROSS and NELLY ERICHSEN. Illustrated by NELLY ERICHSEN. (Mediaeval Town Series, J. M. Dent and Co., 5s. 6d. net and 4s. 6d. net.)

THE in attractive titles, a "Vade mecum" or "Hand-book," which Mrs. Ross and Miss Erichsen naturally avoid, nevertheless accurately describe their attractive little volume. It is more than a guide-book and scarcely a history, for it begins with a sketch of Pisa from the remotest times and ends with a useful list of hotels where visitors may expect tolerable accommodation or something better. There is also a plan of the town as it stands and an index. It is, in fact, exactly the book to guide the visitor by day and amuse him during idle evenings, and it is written throughout with intelligence and enthusiasm.

Mrs. Ross alone is responsible for the first hundred pages, which relate the history of Pisa. Unlike more ambitious historians, who, in order to develop historical theories of their own, double through time like hares, she is content to chronicle as many concurrent events as she can deal with clearly, in the order in which time developed them. It must be admitted that her sketch is rather fatiguing to the mind, for it contains too many facts crowded into a small space. She might have omitted some, leaving sufficient to interpret their monuments or lesser memorials existing in Pisa at the present day. She herself seems a little confused by the remotest and most uncertain events, for the antiquity of Pisa can scarcely be said to approach the boundaries of imagination, compared with the antiquity of many other cities—say Knossos "The volcanic spiritual force which was pent within the small town," as Mrs. Ross describes the Pisan spirit, really is astounding. It seems as if every Pisan born between 1000 and 1400 must have been "a great-hearted gentleman"; a character which by no means hindered the city's prominence even among all the cities of Europe, in crimes of violence and treachery. Yet its merits deserved the eulogy and protection of St. Bernard. It is not surprising if the expenditure of so much force exhausted the Pisan race. From the beginning of the seventeenth century the Pisan spirit disappears, and the Medici family occupies its place in the history of the city. In order to realise the greatness of that spirit while it lasted, Mrs. Ross dwells rightly on its influence and extension outside its own territory. Being the most powerful and advanced of Ghibiline cities, yet often attached by sentiment to the person of Popes, Pisa frequently acted on equal terms

with the Empire, the Papacy and other great Powers. It subdued Sardinia, Corsica, the Balearic Islands and large parts of Sicily. It planted colonies and exchanges on all the shores of the Mediterranean, in the valley of the Nile, and on the banks of the Orontes; it maintained its own courts of justice at Acre, Joppa, Jerusalem, Antioch, Laodicea, Damietta and Tunis. Its *Consuetudine di Mare*, approved by Henry IV. in 1063 and Gregory VII. in 1075, mark the beginning of international maritime law. When we reflect that our own naval supremacy was largely built up on piracy five hundred years later, we gain an idea of the civilisation to which Pisa had attained in many directions before the Norman Conquest. It was this expansiveness and civilisation which both inclined and enabled the Pisans to fill their city with far-distant treasures, the remains of which are still to be found there.

The description of the city as it now is, with pen and pencil, is due to Miss Erichsen. Her thirty illustrations, though slight, and often on too small a scale, are correctly drawn, and with two exceptions only, apposite to her text. She generally avoids the mere prettiness into which facile sketchers are apt to fall. She is a pleasant and well-instructed guide. The depraved belfry, the Tower of Famine, with its "famous Erl of Pise," the *Campo Santo*, with its miraculous earth, the *Duomo*, without and within, and *S. Paolo a Ripa d'Arno*, have all been described so often that Miss Erichsen's careful descriptions need no special comment. Since such conspicuous monuments serve as advertisements to attract foreign money, they are more likely to escape modern Italian taste and cupidity. But a breach has already been made in the City-walls, and there is no knowing how soon a municipal syndicate may be interested in house-breaking or reconstruction, nor how long lesser treasures may escape the entire destruction of the *Porta Romana*, or the deformation already suffered by *S. Maria della Spina*, *S. Sepolcro*, *S. Martino in Chinica*, *S. Maria delle Carmine*, *S. Marta*, *S. Sisto*, *S. Anna*, and *S. Vito*. The Medici indeed made many alterations, but they left much in their place, and nothing like the statue of Victor Emanuel in its "banal square," behind the "paltry barrier." More welcome, therefore, are Miss Erichsen's descriptions of the lesser monuments, which have suffered less, the *campanili* of *S. Caterina*, *S. Silvestro*, and *S. Niccolò*, and the churches, *S. Pietro in Vincolis*, *S. Andrea Forisportæ*, *S. Michele in Borgo*, *S. Paolo in Orto*, *S. Stefano de' Cavalieri*, *S. Frediano*, and *S. Caterina*. The last is also full of memories of St. Thomas, and with *S. Domenico*, of the other great Dominican luminary, St. Catherine of Siena. *S. Francesco* is especially connected with St. Francis himself, and with Alberto, whom he sent to introduce the Franciscan Order into England, and who died and was buried at Oxford. The palaces of the city, to which Miss Erichsen devotes a separate chapter, have inevitably and naturally undergone more changes than the churches, in fulfilment of the purpose which they were built to serve, human habitation. They have been altered to meet the requirements of each successive owner, whose necessities appear mingled not unpleasingly in their fabric. The *Palazzo Gambacorti* is haunted, as by ghosts, by that great Pisan family and by the Emperor Charles IV., and the *Palazzo Granduca* and the *Palazzo Vecchio* by the still greater Medici. In a little house off the *Via della Fortezza*, Galileo was born. To many visitors the *Palazzo Lanfranchi* is more interesting because Byron hired it, and one of the *Tre Palazzi*, "a prim, square, white house," because Shelley lived in it, than for any charms of architecture which they may still possess. The *Museo Civico* also is more

lively to those who seek history and life than are most of those rather dreary mausoleums of dismembered works of art, often disguised by ignorant restoration. Here is a fragment of the Great Girdle, many coins and seals of the city, needlework and ornaments, and a collection of *targoni*, banners, and other insignia of the *giuoco del ponte*. Since the game was a public one, its adjuncts are appropriately stored in a public museum—they could scarcely be preserved otherwise—just as domestic ornaments and utensils linger suitably in old houses. And there is much besides, the more separable of the larger objects of painting and sculpture, in the Museum, the *Seminario Arcivescovile*, and elsewhere, precious to those who appreciate works of art even when they are misplaced and disfigured. Especially Pisan, for one reason or another, are Bruno di Giovanni's panel, *St. Ursula rescuing the city from flood*, once in *S. Paolo a Ripa d'Arno*, now in the Museum, and the polyptych from *S. Caterina*, by Simone Martini, now unhappily divided between the Museum and the Seminary. The great *Glorification of St. Thomas*, by Francesco Traini, a Pisan born, happily still remains in *S. Caterina*, where the saint preached; but a triptych by Bernardino di Mariotto has been wilfully torn apart, although the whole of it is in one building, the Museum.

There, too, Miss Erichsen particularly admires a *Madonna*, by Gentile di Fabriano, and a banner painted by Fra Angelico, at least Mr. Langton Douglas says so. Still more characteristically Pisan is the great group of sculptors which Pisa first adopted from far and then bred within its walls, the Pisani. Large fragments of the *Duomo* pulpit, by Niccolò, are preserved in the Museum. The Baptistery pulpit, by his son, Giovanni, one of the inspirers of Giotto's realism, is still *in situ*. Giovanni's beautiful ivory *Madonna*, leaning to the right in order to support the weight of the Infant on her left arm, as Miss Erichsen describes it—or necessarily following the curve of the tusk—is in the sacristy of the *Duomo*. His triptych of the *Madonna* with the two St. Johns is in the Baptistery. The work of Andrea and Nino is much confused; one or the other can be seen in sculptures of *S. Maria della Spina*, but the *Madonna della Rosa* and the *Madonna del Latte* Miss Erichsen states definitely are Nino's. Tomasso, son of Andrea, and architect of the bell-house on the summit of the leaning tower, has a fine reredos in *S. Francesco*. A signed crucifix by Giunta, the only painter of the group, is to be found in *S. Ranieri*. The frescoes of the *Campo Santo*, especially the *Triumph of Death* and the *Holy Hermits* are famous by reproduction and description, and the reasons for ascribing them to the Orcagne, or the School of Giotto, or the Lorenzetti, or Bernardo Daddi, or even to Traini are more or less known.

It does not distinctly appear which of the authors is responsible for the last chapter, describing the neighbourhood of Pisa, with its mountains, its pine forests, its cultivated lands, its ancient burghs, its fortresses, its monasteries, its churches, and its baths. Since the chapter contains the merits of both writers and is, on the whole, the most successful in their book, it may well be attributed to both jointly. Besides giving an adequate historical and antiquarian sketch of each place, the writers create a charming impression of the scenery and healthful climate of the whole Pisan country. Most casual visitors to Pisa, and, indeed, most naturalists, will be surprised to learn that those much-abused potentates, the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, were so enlightened as to acclimatise camels in their domain of S. Rossore before 1663; that a large herd still exists; and that all attempts to acclimatise them elsewhere in Italy have proved abortive.

Space fails to tell of a great company of Popes, Emperors and foreign Kings; of illustrious families,

Gherardeschi, Bergolini, Appiani, Lanfranchi, Visconti; of expert captains, Castruccio Castracane and Sir John Hawkwood; of holy Pisan patrons, St. Sisto, St. Thorpè, St. Ranieri, St. Lussorio; of picturesque personalities, the Blessed Alberto Leccapecore, the Countess Matilda, Daimbert, the mysterious and attractive Pier delle Vigne, Nazaradech, Dante and his friend, Nino Visconti, the grotesque Giovanni del Agnello; of architects, the Comacine Guilds, Buschetto, Rainaldo, Diotalvi, Bonanno, Bacio Bandinelli; of painters, Ghirlandaio, Benozzo Gozzoli, Andrea da Firenze, Spinello Aretino, Antonio Veneziano, the Gaddi, the Lorenzetti; of historians, Marangone, Sercambi, Vesalio, Vassari, Villani; and of travellers, Rutilius Numantianus, Montaigne, Evelyn, Richard Lassels, Marianna Stark. Such as these and many more formed the history of Pisa or illuminated the city or rendered it illustrious by their presence or their works. Their acts are written in Miss Ross's and Miss Erichsen's story, and their names for the most part in their comprehensive index.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Links in the Chain. By HEADON HILL. (John Long, 6s.)

THERE is no beating about the bush with Mr. Headon Hill. He plunges you into the very heart of a situation with an amazing and most businesslike celerity. In this last novel of his, for instance, you have not been reading for five minutes before a murder has been committed. This deed accomplished, event follows event in a hot and breathless succession. We are flung headlong into a world of frauds, dupes, detectives and crystal-gazers. The ingredients of such romances never vary, and "*Links in the Chain*" is not noticeably different from any of the thirty or forty other novels which we owe to the unflagging industry of Mr. Hill. As an interpretation of life the book is simply ludicrous. Mr. Hill is not concerned with the credible, but it may be urged in his defence that he has contrived to avoid many of the pit-falls into which some of his less successful rivals in the art of sensation writing have been lured. He can tell an entirely impossible story, and invest it at odd moments with some faint show of plausibility. Since, too, novels of this kind seem inevitable, it is perhaps well that we have such a writer as Mr. Headon Hill. There are many worse novelists.

The City of the Golden Gate. By E. EVERETT-GREEN. (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.)

THE great earthquake in San Francisco offers possibilities to any novelist with a sense of the tragic and a gift for vivid romancing, and the writer of this book has woven a very presentable story into those days of overpowering terror. The description of the shaken, burning city is graphically done, and the part taken by the chief character in the work of rescue and assistance to the homeless crowds affords an opening for realistic depiction of which good advantage is taken. We do not care for the hero—who is more than half a villain—with his "yellow, cat-like eyes" and his uncanny mesmeric powers; he is quite an automaton and most unconvincing. His place is usurped, however, by two well-drawn, sane and smart young men, who straighten things up very pleasantly in the end and marry the two girls who have been terrorised by the pseudo-hero, so all finishes happily. No one will grumble at any lack of ability to hold the attention, and the style keeps on a good level, as novelists go. The illustrations had far better have been omitted.

The Dream—and the Woman. By TOM GALLON. (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.)

FOR those who are fond of a good "mystery" story, with a little love and plentiful complications, this volume will be a welcome arrival. The plot is far too involved for us to do more than suggest its burden, but it is cleverly worked out and not too far removed from plausibility to spoil the reader's sense of fitness. It treats of a murder (everyone thinks it is a murder until the victim turns up safe and sound) committed by a woman who is a somnambulist, and who wakes at the instant after the crime—if crime it be—with the sensation of having suffered a horrible dream. The trial scene is capitally told in the words of the young lawyer for the defence; the other portions of the narrative are related by those who are chiefly concerned, and if the various pieces of the puzzle do wedge together a trifle too accurately at times and the help of coincidence is a little too freely invoked, we are inclined to forgive the author because of the "thrills" and ingenious situations he has devised. He makes a slip or two: for example, we really do not think the defending counsel in a big criminal case would dine with a couple of important witnesses on the evening of the first day, and discuss freely the progress and the probabilities of the affair. However, there is the story to console us; it may not be literature, but it is good entertainment.

Did She Do Right? By A. J. MACDONNELL. (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.)

IT occurs to us that when a person chances upon a passable idea for the plot of a novel there should exist certain conditions, rules, examinations—what you will—without compliance with which he or she could be prosecuted for writing the story. For example, a sentence like this ought to "throw" the aspirant:

He almost thought his favourite Clytie waved her marble hand, as if beckoning him to some midnight revel of the gods, as dazzling white against the dark background of foliage, she stood amidst nymphs and graces, a shrinking Venus, and playful faun on either side; the flickering shadows of the palm leaves giving a semblance of motion to the cold marble.

Seven consecutive sentences, each concluding with a note of admiration, should prevent a "pass" certificate; to say that a person is in a "dreamy reverie" (really, Mrs. Macdonnell must look up the etymology of "reverie," for she does this two or three times), and to be consistently tautological, might earn a black mark; and mixtures such as the following ought not to be allowed:

It was evident this handsome "preux chevalier" was a *persona grata* to the elder lady, if he had not succeeded in winning the heart of the younger.

And what are we to say to this:

Stately cypresses raise their kingly heads to Heaven, and over all the glorious, clear, azure vault, radiating sunshine, the sweet, fresh air is so pure, the rich colouring so exquisite, while the scent of late roses intoxicate (*sic*) the senses with perfume!

Alas! We fear that not in our time will such a Society for the Protection of the English Language be formed. Mrs. Macdonnell means well; her plot is fairly good; but on every page are mistakes—mistakes—mistakes, till the reader with any sense of composition is driven nearly frantic. The finest romance would be utterly spoiled under such treatment; it pulls the book down to the apparent level of a novelette. It is a thousand pities that some kind and grammatical friend could not have punctuated and polished this story before it was printed.

The Trials of a Country Parson. By AUGUSTUS JESOP, D.D. (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)

THIS attractive little book, which reached a fourth impression fourteen years ago, is again issued in a new edition, and the pleasant discursions on life as viewed from an East Anglian rectory are as readable as ever. Up-to-date, in several items, they are not; the changes in local government and in various other matters have rendered obsolete some of the author's remarks; but on the social side the essays remain of great interest. Existence is not necessarily cramped because one is cut off from the excitements of London, and, as is humorously indicated, there lies a gulf of difference between isolation and loneliness. The microcosm of village life may contain all the elements which go to make the larger world, and the observant eye of the resident perceives much that to the mere visitor is altogether unknown.

The author has not a very high opinion of the peasants of this part of England, and he sums up their character in none too tender a fashion; but this does not prejudice his innate kindness of heart. "I, for one," he writes, "hereby proclaim and declare that I intend to help the sick and aged and struggling poor whenever I have the chance, and as far as I have the means, and I hope the day will never come when I shall cease to think with shame of him who is said to have made it his boast that he had never given a beggar a penny in his life."

I am free to confess (he proceeds) that I draw the line somewhere. I do draw the line at the tramp—I do find it necessary to be uncompromising there. Indeed, I keep a big dog for the tramp, and that dog, inasmuch as he passes his happy life in a country parsonage—that dog, I say, is not muzzled.

We get many glimpses into the narrowness and the peculiarity of the rustic outlook, some pathetic, others which we hardly know whether to describe as pathetic or humorous. Said one old countrywoman, who had been married five times, when asked if she didn't "mix up" her husbands now and then if talking about them:

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I really du! But my third husband, he *was* a man! I don't mix him up. He got killed, fighting—you've heard tell o' that I make no doubt. The others warn't nothing to him. He'd ha' mixed them up quick enough if they'd interfered wi' him. Lawk ah! He'd 'a' made nothing of 'em!"

We are pleased to find a long and pertinent protest against the indiscriminate "restoration" of these splendid country churches. The essential difference between restoration and preservation is insisted upon—a difference which many experimentalists in architecture seem to ignore:

You can't reproduce the carvings you are going to remove—you have no eye for the delicate and simple curves; your chisels are so highly tempered that they are your masters, not your servants; they run away with you when you set to work, and insist on turning out sharply-cut cusps, all of the same size, all of them smitten with the blight of sameness, all of them straddling, shallow, sprawling, vulgar, meaningless; melancholy witnesses against you that you have lost touch with the living past.

Let it be enacted that, whosoever he may be . . . who shall be convicted of driving a nail into a rood-screen or removing a sepulchral slab, of digging up the bones of the dead to make a hole for a heating apparatus, bricking up an ancient doorway or hacking out an aperture for a new organ, or scraping off the ancient plaster from walls that were plastered five hundred years ago—anyone, I say, who shall do any of these acts, if he have committed such an offence without the license of a duly constituted authority, shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanour and sent to prison without the option of a fine.

The author also pleads strongly for a rearrangement of our system of keeping county and ecclesiastical records, urging that instead of being interned in lawyers' offices, London chambers, or whatever it may be, they should be centralised and rendered accessible

in the various cathedrals of the country—an alteration which would have its advantages if a system of indexing could be arrived at, as anyone will know who has spent a week muniment-hunting for some special purpose.

The literary style of the book approaches too nearly to the colloquial or conversational at times to be wholly satisfactory, but it is on an average good, and the reader interested in village life and in speculations on subjects akin to churches and church management will thoroughly enjoy the volume.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The reasons given by the authors of "The King's English" in defence of their bad syntax are insufficient and unconvincing. Their letter in THE ACADEMY of the 30th ult. has, by the way, a certain resemblance to the leg of mutton off which Dr. Johnson dined on one occasion while travelling from London to Oxford, and now that they have disposed of all the points which I submitted, to their evident satisfaction, I may be allowed to submit one more passage from that same lumbering letter. Here it is: ". . . indulgent enough to refer our condemnation to the very common abuse . . ." I should correct that phrase in a boy's essay thus: ". . . to refer to our condemnation of, etc., but doubtless "The Authors" will have some subtle but unavailing defence for their words as they stand.

I would respectfully point out to "The Authors" that the quotation which they give from Macaulay in his chapter dealing with the Rye House Plot, viz.: "Great hopes were entertained at Whitehall that Cornish would appear . . ." does not support their contention. Plurality is understood here. The hope of each individual partisan of James II. from an influential quarter amounted to "great hopes." Macaulay uses *hope* and *hopes*, each in its proper place, and he would not be likely to say that he had "considerable hopes." Where Macaulay here uses "hopes" one can feel the surge of the multitude. Shakespeare is equally correct in his use of *hope* and *hopes*—e.g., "I have hope to live, and am prepared to die."—*Measure for Measure*, Act III., Scene I. "Was the hope drunk wherein you dress'd yourself?"—*Macbeth*, Act I., Scene VII.

"His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance:
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure."—*Othello*, Act II., Scene I.

Cassio's hopes for the safety of the Moor rest *firstly* in the stoutly-built ship, and *secondly* in the excellent judgment of the pilot.

I am still convinced that "The Authors" did not express themselves in good English when they wrote ". . . but we have considerable hopes that no one else has been deceived." "The Authors," in defence of their use of *deceived*, quote Froude as follows: "Wolsey . . . was too wise to be deceived with outward prosperity." The word is quite properly used here. "Outward prosperity" is an abstract condition touching society in general. The phrase logically considered has great extension. "The Authors" used the word *deceived* in a concrete sense, touching a point of personal rectitude which was not in question. Despite what "The Authors" say, I am convinced that the phrase which I submitted, viz.: *but we hope that no one else has been misled*, is better English. "The Authors" maintain that they are correct in using the words "seduced into buying . . . a book." I would respectfully suggest to them that the word has become obsolete in the sense in which they use it. It has lost its character through associations with the law courts, and to use it in its original sense is sheer pedantry. In syntax propriety has to be observed; and, despite the ruling of "The Authors," I hold that it would be distinctly improper for anyone to declare that *he or she had been seduced* into buying a book. If "The Authors" will use *ducere* let the word be induced.

I would say in conclusion that I have no enmity towards "The Authors." I am told on the best authority that their book has good points, and "The Authors" themselves say in their letter that they "cannot fairly complain if any statement they make is pressed to the utmost."

W. McC.

Glasgow, February 22nd, 1909.

THE SUBTLETY OF SUFFRAGITIS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As a Conservative, will you allow me to protest against the introduction of a fresh element of discord into the ranks of the party in the shape of an organisation describing itself as a Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association.

As there are already three associations working with unremitting and monomaniacal zeal on behalf of the establishment of petticoat government, the reason for the existence of a fourth is hard to discover. To judge from the nature of the speeches delivered under the presidency of a renegade Radical, at an opening meeting held in the Westminster Palace Hotel, there is not a particle of difference to be found between this latest blossom from off the tree of suffragitis and the branches of which the respective flowers are Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Despard, and Lady Frances Balfour. Upon the basis of the principle now recognised, we may confidently anticipate in the near future the formation of Conservative and Unionist Women's Temperance Associations, Anti-Vivisection Leagues, Anti-Vaccination Leagues, Vegetarian Alliances, Vigilance Leagues, and Faith Healing Associations.

It is high time that the type of Unionist who advocates female suffrage because "it will pay the party" should adduce some evidence in support of his extremely disingenuous statement. At present it is impossible to extract anything from him save reiteration. Like the beaver in the "Hunting of the Snark," he opines that the thing must be true because he has said it thrice. Australia, New Zealand, and Finland have afforded strong proof of the very opposite of his contention, and the fact that the Socialists, not only of this country, but also of France and Germany, are unanimously in favour of the enfranchisement of women should give him pause in his progress towards the shooting of Niagara.

As a sample of the muddle-headedness of the Conservative Suffragette in trousers, nothing can be more illuminating than his opposition to the Licensing Bill. It requires only the most shadowy modicum of an intelligence to perceive that the first use made by women of the franchise would be the abolition of the public-house, yet so hopeless is the density of this would-be strategist that he actually believes that Bung can be balanced on the same string as Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Carrie Nation.

As to the Millite, Ibsenite, and Shavian Conservatives who advocate the conversion of the British Empire into a gynocracy upon abstract grounds, their position is one of an utterly untenable description. There is no room for the supporters of the most revolutionary proposal which has ever been brought forward in the world's history, save with the revolutionary party, and the sooner these befogged politicians range themselves side by side with Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Victor Grayson, Mr. Philip Snowden, Mr. "Willie" Redmond, Mr. W. T. Stead, Mr. George B. Shaw, Mr. R. J. Campbell, Mr. Silvester Horne, Mr. Byles (of Bradford), Mr. Isaac Zangwill, and other Socialistic, Hebraic, and Nonconformist feminists, the better it will be for the defining of parties on a clearer and more intelligible basis than exists at present.

F. DALRYMPLE DUNCAN.

"Woodhead," Kirkintilloch.

A PHENOMENAL GENIUS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Caleb Porter: I raised a purely impersonal question affecting our national honour, and for the purpose of enriching our Pantheon with a phenomenal genius—John Martin. This appeal, which should have called forth a generous response, called forth Mr. Porter, who used it to make personal attacks on me. In my last there was a slip of the pen for which I apologise; I spoke of Tintoretto's "Last Judgment" instead of his "Paradise," the picture under discussion. All Mr. Porter's other charges, such as the recklessness of his assertions, I meet with an emphatic denial. With remarkable ingenuity, by means of irrelevant quotations, he hints a series of petty little malicious libels that he would not have dared to utter directly. He hunts over the whole period of my public activity for points that can be twisted to discredit me, and shows the weakness of his position and the strength of his animus. Knowing that his personal misrepresentations must recoil on himself, he attacks my English. While grammarians differ, such charges, like mud, may be thrown at any writer; but until Mr. Porter himself shows a truer sense of style, gives more point with less verbosity, he is out of court. All my scathing charges against the decadents who have brought so much demoralisation into the art world he

allows to go by default; he shirks the larger issues, and he cannot rise above personalities which belittle himself more than they do his opponent. He favours me with much advice gratis, forgetting that advice, like charity, should begin at home, and, in his case, stay there.

Distrusting all opinions that agree with, and may be prompted by, my pocket interests, I have sacrificed such interests for a public good. I have never made a personal enemy, but have made many pen-enemies while fighting for good causes, and against injustice; yet for one enemy I make in this way I make a dozen friends; and the glowing letters I have received, even from great writers in America, would compensate me for ten thousand pen-pricks. My crusade against anarchism in the art world is prospering royally, the whole trend of thought is in my direction, critics are taking my standpoint, and artists see that my work was prophetic. My position is founded on root principles: the alternative to these principles is anarchism and blank insanity. I have merely given an advanced reading of them to meet the progressive needs of the time. So for "Modernity" critics to try to upset my position is, as a wag put it, like the action of an insane grasshopper trying to compass the destruction of London by butting its head against the cupola of St. Paul's!

E. WAKE COOK.

[This correspondence must now cease.—Ed.]

JONATHAN SWIFT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In your issue of the 13th inst. there appeared an essay on Swift which contained a mis-statement of fact so flagrant that one naturally expected to find some explanation of the lapse in the following issue. But I have looked for it in vain in your number of to-day. The writer of the article asserts that Addison and Sheridan were the warm friends of Swift. Addison was never his warm friend. When Addison left Dublin after his short term of office as Irish Secretary, all the historian can find to say of the relations of the two men is that "Addison escaped without having had any serious quarrel with Swift." While, as to Sheridan: that eminent man was not born until six years after the Dean of St. Patrick's was buried.

I claim the privilege of an old subscriber in pointing out an error the publication of which in a journal of literary criticism occasions some misgiving to the most indulgent reader.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

Oulton Broad, Suffolk,

20th February, 1909.

[In reply to our correspondent we quote from W. J. Courthope's "Addison" in the "English Men of Letters" series:

During his residence in Ireland Addison firmly cemented his friendship with Swift. . . . Swift's admiration for Addison was warm and generous. To Archbishop King he wrote:—"Mr. Addison, who goes over our first secretary, is a most excellent person, and being my intimate friend, I shall use all my credit to set him right in his notions of persons and things." On his side, Addison's feelings were equally warm. He presented Swift with a copy of his "Remarks on Several Parts of Italy," inscribing it: "To the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."

As to Sheridan, the reference in our article was, of course, to Sheridan the elder.—Ed.]

SCHOPENHAUER AND WAGNER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I thank you for the opportunity to destroy the impression I fear Mr. Ellis has formed that I placed his house in Surrey rather than Sussex out of intentional discourtesy. It was an unnoticed error on my part, for which I willingly apologise.

I cannot see that these pretty paradoxes of Berlioz and Wagner, with regard to a "sounding silence," give moral support to Mr. Ellis' own paradox of clothing the unflashed soul in a garment of Time. I would like to say that I had, although your correspondent would throw doubt on it, paid due regard to the utterance of Schopenhauer, "True, we can carry out no idea of the above entirely without employing terms of Time. Such terms *should* be excluded where the Thing-in-itself is concerned (according to his master Kant), only it pertains to the unalterable confines of our intellect that it can never quite dispense with this first and most immediate form

of all its operations." Observe that "should," Schopenhauer plainly points to the desirability of excluding the idea of Time from the Thing-in-itself, while frankly recognising the impossibility. Whatever idea we have formed of the Thing-in-itself, in so far as that idea is dependent on Time for its realisation, it is likely to be wrong. If I, like Mr. Ellis, cannot *think* without an elementary notion of sequence, I can at least deplore that limitation of my intellect rather than acquiesce in, and even feel complacent about it; I can at least say, "If I cannot imagine the Thing-in-itself in its non-phenomenal state, where pleasure will be positive and pain negative, without attributing Time to it, I can nevertheless know that Time is imposed on the conception by my intellect, and that when my particular Thing-in-itself is set free from my particular intellect, it will also be freed from Time." I can go so far as to see it might happen in the sense that there will be no memory of a past time, no anticipation of a future time, no consciousness of a passing of time, but merely an unutterably blissful immovable *Now*. If we could remember no past and anticipate no future, it is not beyond our power to imagine an everlasting *Now*! Let me, in turn, direct Mr. Ellis' attention to the following beautiful and most luminous passage from Schopenhauer's "Fragments of the History of Philosophy":—"One can establish *a priori* respecting all motion in general, no matter of whatever kind it may be, that it is primarily perceptible by the comparison with something resting; whence it follows that the course of time, with all that is in it, could not be perceived were it not for something that has no part in it, and with whose rest we compare its motion. We cannot imagine that if everything in our consciousness at once and together moved forward in the flux of time, that this forward movement would nevertheless be perceptible, but in order to do this we must assume something fixed, past which Time with its content flows." And what else is this innermost "something fixed, past which Time flows," but that very same timeless Thing-in-itself, or Will—of whose "time-possibilities" Mr. Ellis sees fit to speak?

I note Mr. Ellis asks why I assume he does not suffer from eyestrain. The retort is obvious.

Mr. Ellis is not a pessimist, *ergo*, Mr. Ellis does not suffer from eyestrain!

J. T. PRESSLIE

5 Edith Road, Peckham, S.E.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The subject of Schopenhauer and Wagner having come up in your columns, will you kindly allow me to put a question to Mr. Ellis for the express purpose of obtaining from him a public answer which elsewhere failed to be recorded. It is this: What in his Wagner "Life" does Mr. Ellis mean, in Schopenhauerian parlance, by the "immediate appearance of the will"? This question is not put to raise any further controversy; but, for present purposes, to allow of the answer appearing either in accord or in disagreement with what I take to be Schopenhauer's meaning, please allow the following quotations. They are from the philosopher's first volume of "World as Will": "Appearance (Erscheinung) is object for the intellect (Vorstellung) and nothing else besides. Every object for the intellect, no matter of what kind, is appearance. The thing-in-itself, on the other hand, is solely will. As such, it absolutely is no object presentable to the intellect, but *toto genere* different from it. The will is that of which every intellectual object, the appearance, the visibility, is the objectivation." (Sec. 21.) "The will, as thing-in-itself, is wholly different from its appearance, and completely free from all of its forms, which precisely, first on appearing, it takes on." (Sec. 23.) "This thing-in-itself, which as such is never object, purely because every object is anew its mere appearance, no longer itself, must, should still it be thought of objectively, borrow the name and conception of an object, of something, in one way or another, given objectively, and in consequence from one of its appearances. But in order to serve as an explanatory point, this ought to be nothing else than the most finished among all of its appearances—i.e., the most explicit, the most unveiled, and directly illumined by knowledge. Now this is precisely the will of the individual." (Sec. 22.) "The knowledge which I have of my will, although immediate, is not, however, to be separated from that of my body. . . . This will, apart from my body, I cannot really present to my intellect." (Sec. 18.) "Therefore, here to us the body is the immediate object—i.e., that object for the intellect (Vorstellung) which affords the subject's knowledge its point of departure." (Sec. 6.) "My body and my will are one—or, what I term my body

as object perceptible to the intellect (Vorstellung) I call my will, in so far as I am conscious of it by a wholly different method comparable with none other; or, my body is the objectivation of my will." (Sec. 18.)

DAVID IRVINE.

National Liberal Club,
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